

Friday

G A T E W A Y

April 25, 1975

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As the End Nears Reflections on a Ten Year Nightmare . . . p. 3

EDITORIAL

UNO vs. UNL—\$\$\$

Why should UNO, a growing institution, get the lamb's share of the state's capital improvement budget while UNL, with a shrinking enrollment, gets the lion's share? It's a tough question to understand — especially in consideration of the past three years during which time UNO has been the only state university that has experienced a sharp increase in enrollment. (UNL's enrollment has decreased markedly since then.)

Nevertheless, the Nebraska Board of Regents, in their continuation budget request late last fall, gave major priority to the Lincoln School. The Board suggested that UNL get \$66,637,478, UNMC \$34,685,005 and UNO \$17,842,825. These requests have since been shaved by the Legislature's Budget Appropriations Committee. The committee will propose to the Legislature that UNL get \$63,974,813, UNMC \$33,912,772 and UNO \$17,109,372.

There is little doubt the university system is going to get a substantially lower amount than requested. (The Appropriation Committee has recommended a \$73.8 million tax support proposal — well below the university's request for \$84.4 million. And even the \$73.8 million figure is \$2.2 million higher than Gov. J. James Exon's recommendation.)

The smaller budget seems relatively inevitable. But that is still not the major concern of the question: why UNO so little compared to UNL?

The imperative concern seems to lie in the area of priorities. UNL, a school that's losing students, is given almost 50 per cent of the budget proposal; UNO, a school with a burgeoning student body, is given only about 13 per cent.

It's about time the Regents, legislature and citizens of Nebraska sit up and take notice. UNO is no longer "Little Sister." The school is suffering from growing pains and can no longer subsist on the lamb's share of the NU systems Budget.

Right now UNO's enrollment (14,000) is nearly 70 per cent as large as Lincoln's (20,000); yet UNO has only about 1/4 the amount of parking space that UNL has.

UNO's college of Engineering currently carries 40 per cent of the engineering class load for the NU System; yet UNO has only about eight per cent of the faculty that UNL's Engineering Department has.

The number of UNO journalism majors has nearly doubled in the last four years; yet the J. Department has not hired an additional full time faculty member in that time.

The list goes on . . . and on . . . and on. There are many disparities. One may just suffice to say that budgetary priorities in the near future should be more carefully scrutinized taking into consideration that UNO's enrollment may eventually surpass the University of Nebraska-Lincoln's.

happenings

by Ward Peters

A Gray Duggin?

Hey,/man!/ Can you come /and then some/ to the Writers Workshop, Annex 21/ on May one? Well, a/ fell-a,/ if you do then you'll hear some poetry and earthy fiction read aloud. Words will begin flowing out of the mouths of the aspiring artists at 7:30 p.m./bring a friend.

Fruti-Houdini?

Yes, we have no bananas? Well, anyway, you can see 'Mister Woody and his show "Bananas" tonight, at 5, 7:30 and 10 p.m., in the library auditorium for the usual Jingles. And if you want to have a tricky date on Sunday, April 27, then stop in the auditorium at 7:30 p.m. and catch the "Magician."

Theater Back-Aches?

Hip! Hip! Euripides! Come visit the University Theater during a performance of the "Bacchae" this weekend and see if you don't get your money's worth. On April 25, 26 and 27 at 8 p.m., UNO students can get into the show free while general admission is two bucks. Get your tickets in advance or you'll be sitting way "bacch." Call 554-2335 and see if you can see it.

Rib (Lib) Music?

Feminist folk singer Margie Adam is going to be on campus tonight from 9-11 p.m. The lady is fine and so are her tunes so stop by the Coffee-house in the Student Center and you'll realize why her last name isn't Eve. Tickets are two bills for students, two and a half for non-students and three bucks for couples.

Blue Periods?

If you dig patronizing then stop in at the Gallery '72, 2709 Leavenworth, from April 27-May 17, and check out the work by two UNO art faculty dudes, Peter Hill and Sidney Buchanan. Notice the style and technique and check back to them with your critique.

Stuck in the Middle?

Cecil Williams will be on campus April 30, 1:30 p.m., in the MBSC Ballroom. The man is in with the West coast Glide Foundation and was the dude who was the go between in the Patty Hearst case. Come to the talk and see if he is still in-between.

Portusion Fusion?

The Women's Resource Center has two weekly drop-in rap group sessions which

involve any subjects you may wish to sound off on. On Mondays, from 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m., you can let it all hang out. And on Tuesdays, from 10 a.m.-noon, you can bring it all back home. Stop in MBSC 126 and show your stuff.

Diplomatic Bull?

Do you know when to con and when to lay it on the line? Well, Calvin Humphrey will be in MBSC 315, April 28, talking about the "Art of Negotiation." See if you can come to terms with his talk which begins at 2:30 p.m.

Pray Away?

There is only going to be a couple more times you can take advantage of the weekly Monday 11:30 a.m. Mass said in the St. Margaret Mary's Church. The Mass is offered to UNO Catholic students so stop over and take advantage.

Itchy-Niche?

Tri-Beta's second day of the Biology Career Seminar is today and it will be happening in the Marine Room of the Conference Center in the library. Check out the agenda and maybe you'll find your niche.

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Obese
Obfuscations
by Stan Carter

The student is sitting reading my column. Suddenly he exclaims "It was Bubble Up!", pounds his fist on the desk, and laughs.

That's just one of the gratifying things I hear about second or third hand from people around the office — reports of a phantom legion of fans, who keep saying that my column is the "first thing" or perhaps the "only thing" they read in the paper, or make other complimentary comments.

It is to these people (though it's extremely rare that I ever actually meet one) that I dedicate this column . . . and all the columns I've written this semester . . . and last semester, and the year before that, etc.

I sincerely doubt you know what you mean

to me, how happy and moved I am when I hear that there are actually people I can consider "fans" of mine. You nourish my starving ego. (It is frustrating, however, to have absolutely no idea how many (or few) fans there are.)

Even if you don't consider yourself a "fan," if you've ever laughed at anything I've written, been entertained, had your day made a little brighter by me, then I'm glad and thank you very much.

And now, to all my enemies, to those who don't like me, and to those I don't like, some final words of reconciliation: Stick it up your ass.

INSERT FAREWELL COLUMN (Vol. 74, No. 26, Dec. 6, 1974, P. 4) AT THIS POINT. IT IS NOW OPERATIVE.

Statement of Rights To Be Reviewed

Hearings on the controversial "Statement of Student Rights and Responsibilities" are being held today in Rooms 312 and 313 of the Student Center from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Written following a year and a half of deliberation by the University's Council on Student Affairs (CSA), the document will soon be forwarded to the Board of Regents for final approval, according to Vice Chancellor Ronald Beer.

The hearings were sparked by criticism of the "statement" at last Thursday's Student Senate meeting. Following lengthy discussion, the senate decided the "statement" needed more

student input.

Senate Speaker Kathy Stockham said all UNO students are invited to tell a board of Student Senators their opinions of the code. Though an SGA advertisement in Wednesday's Gateway said those offering testimony must register before the hearings, Stockham said the board "probably won't hold to that ruling."

Those who have registered, however, will be given "first priority," according to Stockham.

Stockham said students may offer testimony for up to fifteen minutes and should have a written statement prepared for the hearings board.

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'To Kill or Be Killed'

The party raged on out of control; the sudden absence of the host made little difference. In the minds of most of us, he was already consigned to a void known as "The Service." Tomorrow the U.S. Army would have another body.

It was a good party . . . wild and crazy . . . a lot of beer, food, music, people and laughter. The Vietnam War was a dim menace; felt by all, but dealt with individually and not talked about very much.

In 1967, the draft board in Outagamie County, Wisconsin, Local Board 52, seemed arbitrary, powerful and mysterious, especially to a young man just turned 18. When I went down to register, an innocuous remark I made drew the wrath of a grizzled old clerk wearing a brown army uniform without insignia.

He struggled to his feet and wheezed around the desk; the adrenaline probably surging faster than when he held horses at San Juan Hill, "You may be the first to go!" he raged. "Yes sir," I said meekly, hurrying to get the damn form completed and crawl out of his steel-eyed gaze. "Go where?" I wondered.

Rumors persisted, nevertheless, about men escaping induction; some were supposed to have phony agricultural deferments, others I knew received psychiatric deferments and some former athletes suddenly developed heart murmurs.

Anti-war feelings never surfaced among the young men of Outagamie County; if you were rich

behind some bushes. It was Tim.

He was crying, crying for the loss of his freedom and the subsequent subjugation of spirit which he knew the army would demand, those nearly unrealistic changes you have to make in "The Service" to survive. If Tim thought the draft was unjust he never said so. He only said "I've always been able to do anything and go anywhere without any hassle. Nobody's ever told me what to do . . ." Tim was not a political person, nor was he a coward. He simply didn't want anyone telling him how to live, or how to die.

His life style was nomadic: No one could keep up with all his hunting and fishing trips, his hitchhiking across the country, his need to keep on moving, seeing new things and meeting new people.

The morning after the party, heeding the advice of his father, a World War II veteran, Tim had a barber cut his shoulder-length brown hair to an acceptable military length. Later he walked down to the draft board office alone and boarded the bus for the 100-mile ride south to the Milwaukee Induction Center.

It was two years later, Winter 1969, when I saw him again. He said after basic training, advanced infantry training and a leave, the army sent him to Vietnam, somewhere in the Central Highlands. "Most of the outfit," he laughed, "except for the lifers, were so loaded they couldn't see . . . the lifers would order out a patrol, we'd go out, hide, smoke some dope and come back.

"One day," he said, "some lifer ordered me to go up on this mountain . . . to be an artillery observer. I went up and just stayed. I could see the war going on down below. Once some Viet Cong even came by, on the side of the mountain where no one could see them. Finally some of our guys came up and found me . . . I guess I wanted to be found. They took me off the mountain. Later, the army offered me a choice: stay and fight or take an immediate, dishonorable discharge. Hell, I took the dishonorable."



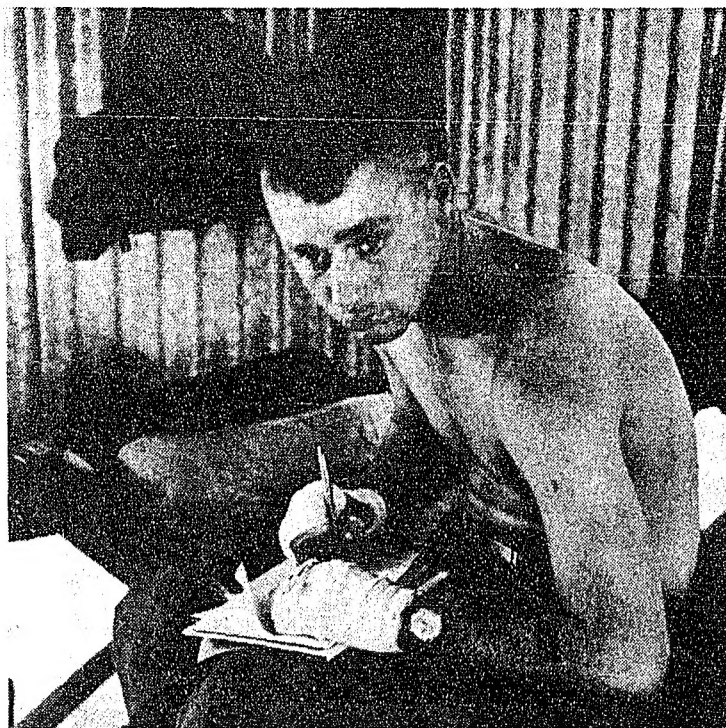
Photos by Jill Kremenetz, printed courtesy Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

you told your psychiatrist about it and he told the draft board you were "unadaptable" to military life. (It was more blatant during the Civil War, when you could pay someone directly to take your place in the ranks.) Resentment, fear and hatred of the draft certainly existed, but no one burned a draft card from Local Board 52. There were no fire-bombings or demonstrations and no Stop-The-War referendums. (Although Alan Ginsberg and the Fugs did come up and hold a mock exorcism over the grave of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy in the local cemetery.)

But at that party in September, 1967, nobody discussed the legality of the Vietnam War or the politicians who were sending young men to Asia to kill or be killed in a war nobody cared about.

The missing host, my friend Tim, was barely 19-years-old. Like many young men that year, he lived fatalistically, from day to day, awaiting his draft notice. The people at the party that night were a strangely-mixed group. There were Tim's neighborhood friends known since childhood — some hunting and fishing buddies — while others, the majority, belonged to a shared world of parties, bars and good times. The only thing everyone had in common that night was relief they weren't boarding the special bus to the Milwaukee induction center tomorrow morning.

Around midnight, a huge white cake was brought out . . . "Goodbye Tim" in blue icing atop white frosting. The first face mashed into the cake triggered a tension-relieving, cake-and-beer-throwing brawl, scattering guests in every direction. Running through the back yard I tripped over a body, sprawled nearly out of sight



Later Tim described the strange life he led in San Francisco after being discharged. He said he and some other recent veterans went to an exclusive restaurant . . . spending their last pay checks just to eat mashed potatoes with their hands in front of some rich Rotarians, even taking off their uniforms until the manager asked them to leave; walking out broke, later getting some blue jeans and being absorbed into the Frisco freak scene.

It was two more years before I met Tim again, in the Summer of 1971. By then *Time* magazine had discovered the counter-culture and people like Tim were leaving San Francisco. His drifter ways and the dishonorable discharge kept him sporadically employed.

Earlier, in December 1970, while hitchhiking from California to Texas, Tim was thrown from the rear seat of a car as it went off the road into a ditch. The elderly couple who had stopped to give him a ride were killed, Tim suffered a broken back. Doctors in the Arizona VA Hospital told him he'd be lucky to walk in two years.

But by March 1971, Tim was on the road, hitchhiking from Arizona to Wisconsin wearing a body cast. For the next few months life for Tim was dominated by pain; he was in and out of the hospital. Doctors would hospitalize and confine him to bed and Tim would get up and leave at the first opportunity. In July of that year he sawed the body cast off by himself and spent the rest of the Summer fishing, swimming and riding an old bicycle he'd found somewhere.

In late August, riding at night on an unlit street, a car slammed into the reflectorless bike from behind, throwing Tim 40 feet over the handlebars squarely on his head. When he came out of a month-long coma, his speech was slurred, his eyes blank and staring; worse, he lacked control of certain motor nerves.

Therapy helped him to speak simply and haltingly; he was able, finally, to walk and perform slowly, other routine functions.

He lived at home with his parents, continuing the therapy and making progress. However, at times he would disappear for days, returning quietly but never saying where he'd been or what he'd been doing. Unable to cope with Tim's wanderings and having five other children to care for, including a 22-year-old retarded daughter, Tim's parents committed him to a state hospital from which he escaped several times. His parents finally took custody of him, in April 1973.

Almost immediately after he got out of the hospital Tim hitchhiked to California. By then his parents were resigned to letting him do what he wished. Two months later, in June, he was found on a California beach dead, according to doctors, from prolonged exposure.

The funeral was short and simple, the coffin lid kept closed. Afterwards an outdoor wake was held with much the same people present as at the farewell party, six years earlier. It was a good party, lots of beer, laughter, food. Tim's absence made little difference. The war in Vietnam was almost over.

Later it rained, driving everyone inside.

Feminist Folk Singer

Margie Adam
in concert

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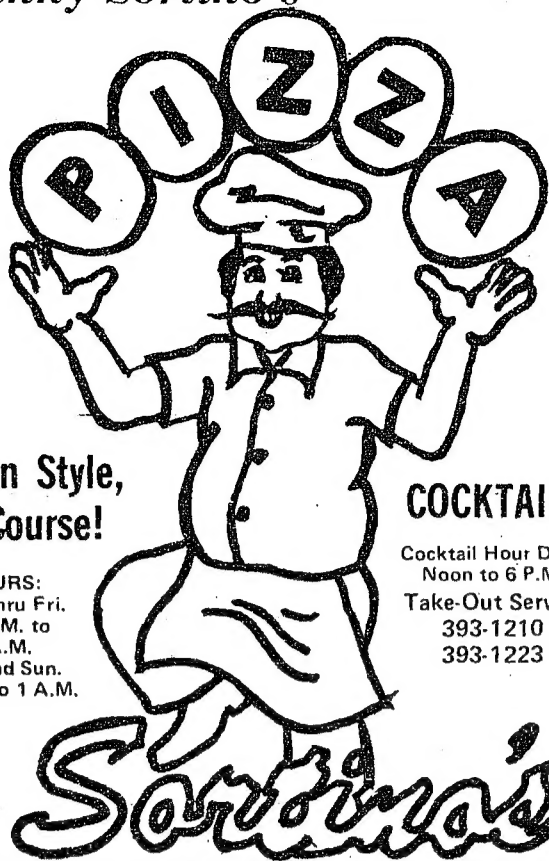
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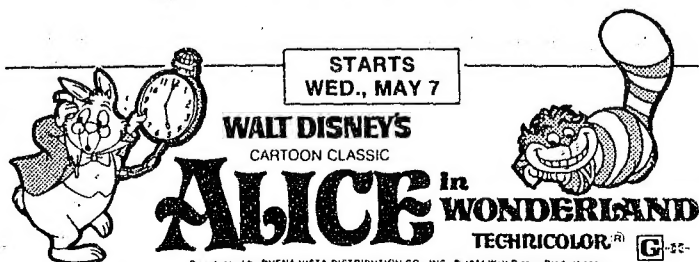
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MUSIC

Waterloo Sunset

By Doug Simmons

Loudon Wainwright III has slowly built up a small devoted following since his first album was released in 1970.

"Unrequited" is Wainwright's fifth album and his first release in well over a year. One side of "Unrequited" is done in the studio and the other is a live performance recorded at the Bottom Line in New York City. All the songs are new and were written by Wainwright.

On his first two albums he played solo acoustic guitar and sang songs such as "Nice Jewish Girls," "Movies are a Mother to Me," "Suicide Song," "Glad to see You've Got Religion" and "I Know I'm Unhappy."

Wainwright then added an electrical back-up band on his following two albums. It was a rough transition on the third album for the acoustical folk singer, but with the aid of the hit, "Dead Skunk," Wainwright was able to make the switch successfully. On his fourth album, "Attempted Moustache," the electrical sound was smooth and refined backing Loudon's most satisfying song writing to date.

On the studio side of "Unrequited" an electric band, including Klaus Voorman on bass and Jim Keltner on drums, backs up Loudon. On the live side he performs alone with only a guitar. Both sides are pleasant, but neither match the achievement of "Attempted Moustache." Loudon's main strength is his lyrics and strained soulful delivery. He is cynical, truthful and sincere. Humor is the one element in his overall attitude that makes him so listenable.

Loudon lampoons religion, love and the alienated violent society that we live in. Life is so miserable to Loudon that he finds it funny. It is sort of like the reaction that some people have had when put under a lot of anxiety. When the pain gets so great, laughing is the only action that will release the tension.

Maybe that is why Loudon Wainwright's following is growing. There seem to be many folks on the breaking point and Loudon is a perfect prescription for a temporary cure.

Back to "Unrequited," Wainwright seems to have lost the biting satirical edge to his voice

and songs that were done in the studio. The live material still retains these characteristics, but not to the same degree as his earlier work.

To some extent, Wainwright lost a lot of the character that he projected on his previous albums. The music he provides is very good, but it is missing the obvious uniqueness that Wainwright possesses.

The album's music is almost too professional for Loudon's lyrics. The music is too structured and this poet writes intricate and free flowing lyrics that aren't suited to the rigid structure. His intelligent lyrics show heavy influence from street knowledge and a lot of varied reading. He is a singer that can attract wretched drunks and fellow poets.

The live side, complete with a rare tasteful audience response, is more satisfying than the studio for two reasons. First, it is funnier, and second, it has been about three years since anything new has come out with Loudon going at it alone with nothing but guitar. His guitar style is diversified and distinctly his own. Wainwright is definitely one of the country's finest folk singers.

On the live side, Wainwright again attacks religion, one of his favorite themes on past works. "Guru" is the title of the attack and its satire is aimed at the mass followings that have developed around certain divine living figures.

The last song on the live side, "Rufus is a Tit Man," also captures Loudon's sense of humor. It is a sexual fantasy that longs for those days when we were unthinking suckling babes. The image of a man nursing a bottle of beer and smoking cigarettes is used to convey the inability for some to get out of the Freudian oral stage.

"Unrequited" shows that Wainwright has gone a bit stale. He is not a consistently good artist, but he does have moments of genius and has created a lot of fine music. The album also shows that he has not lost his lyrical and musical touch which leaves an optimistic future for this pessimistic poet.

Review Material is provided by Homer's Records, 417 S. 11th (Old Market) and 12100 W. Center Road (Bel-Air Plaza).

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Pin Ball Messiah 'Stuns'

by Roger Catlin

After cutting through the tripe of media blitz and pre-release publicity — the biggest hype job since "The Excorist," which locally involves album and ticket giveaways, a frantic midnight premiere and a pinball tournament — one finds Ken Russell's film version of "Tommy" a stunning mixture of sight and sound.

The opera's composer, Pete Townshend, has redone all of the music, added a couple new tunes, collaborated an amazing amount of talent (including Eric Clapton, Ronnie Wood, Elton John's Band, Tina Turner, and his own band, The Who) to back the on-screen vocals and ultimately ran everything through the synthesizer, giving the six-year-old piece a new feeling close to the Who's most recent major album, "Quadrophenia," and Walter Carlos' electronic soundtrack for "Clockwork Orange."

Ken Russell provides a visual story in his most breathless nightmare sensation fashion, owing much to his "The Devils," but similar to, again, "Clockwork Orange." His nonstop array of outrageous, fanciful, painful and exotic images project a power equal to the Quintaphonic soundtrack.

His additions to the story, especially the Freudian beginnings of young Tommy, add immensely to the understanding of a story Townshend barely understood himself. We must be reminded that his two-album set, released in 1969, although given the dubious title of the first rock opera, is really no more than a set of songs which loosely concern the same deaf, dumb and blind boy.

Townshend did not accomplish what he set out to accomplish, and if the music itself is rocking and up to par with the Who's other outstanding albums, the story and its pacing, conclusions, and happenstance are muddled, ambiguous and failing in its attempt

to become all-encompassing.

Young Tommy, a spritely happy boy one night witnesses the infidelity of his mother and the death of his father (real or imagined) leaving him in a traumatic state without sight, hearing or mind. That would be enough for one rock opera right there; Townshend could have, as he had planned, explored the mind and reactions to private sounds of such a handicapped lad, but he decided to barely touch that aspect in a song, "Amazing Journey," and went on from there.

Tommy is taken to a hawker, an acid queen and a doctor, and is harassed and exploited, respectively, by Cousin Kevin and Uncle Ernie. Somewhere between that, he becomes an international pinball champ.

Suddenly, on the last side of the double-record set, Tommy is cured, becomes a new world messiah, and is rejected.

Ken Russell has made it easier to sit through, certainly, but not even his efforts can hide the sag in the middle of the film. Perhaps this letdown is because the first portion is such a knockout. It was here that Russell had the most room for his own ideas, depicting a Holiday Camp that Uncle Frank owned, a pinball factory where Tommy's mother worked, his father's death, his amazing "Amazing Journey," a Christmas scene, and the incredible trauma scene which causes Tommy's ills.

All of the above occurs while Tommy is still a little boy in the fifties, and its appeal may be in nostalgia mixed with a more satisfying feeling, having Ann Margret living in that period than in this one. Or, it could be the excellence with which tiny Barry Winch fulfills his duties as young Tommy.

When Roger Daltry suddenly appears as a grownup Tommy (and Ann Margret doesn't age a bit), interest starts to falter. Despite what Russell thinks (he's casting him in another film

soon about Liszt), Daltry emanates an unrefined unprofessional performance, living up to the middle third of his deaf, dumb and blind role. Despite Russell's visual gimmicks — Cousin Kevin's scene in yellows, Uncle Ernie in blues, the Acid Queen in hot pinks and dated psychedelic styles — doesn't live up to the more powerful young Tommy scenes. But in each of the sequences in which Tommy is attempted to be cured, Townshend has stretched out the songs, already too long. The worst of these is the scene where Jack Nicholson, who cannot sing, plays a doctor. The song is extended so as to include a meaningless series of sexual glances and a waltz between Nicholson and Margret, trying to remind moviegoers of their part in "Carnal Knowledge."

Of the other cameos, only Elton John and Keith Moon are cast well. Tina Turner seems to be a suitable Acid Queen, but Russell doesn't quite know what to do with her. In the major roles, Oliver Reed is a likeable character if not a very good singer, nevertheless he holds his own when he has to.

Ann Margret, on the other hand, looks uncomfortable in the role of the guilt-ridden mother, and only the new songs written for the movie seem to suit her voice. Her few solo scenes seem excessive, but

(Continued on page 7)

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Please Don't Touch That Toad!

Are efforts to solve the parking problem at UNO serious, or... Momma, will I really get warts if I touch that toad?

by Langan Gee Lee

"What we have h-e-r-e is a f-a-i-l-u-r-e to park in a space. Read the minutes of our last meeting, Sammy."

"Yes sir. Same as last."

"And the one before that."

"Same as last."

"Well go back to the first of the last meetings where we decided something."

"OK, next meeting we will serve coffee and donuts."

And so it went, or goes, ad infinitum. The donuts were fine. The coffee divine. And the parking still has long lines. Several ideas have been tried and many others suggested.

Parking meters were one of the ideas tried. The trouble was that someone decided that two hours was the limit on the meters. So what transpired was a rush of students, usually in the middle of a lecture, to deposit another coin in the hungry monsters. During the frigid months astute students discovered that a coin, if moistened, would freeze in the meter and give bonus time. Other less cunning students simply deposited slugs, like pop top tabs from beer cans. This state of affairs prompted one administrator to comment, "Well some cents is better than know sense," and a new policy for admission to UNO was begot. Or was it begotten?

A professor of physics suggested that a "black hole" be installed. The density of a black hole is so great that its gravitational force will cause the atomic structure of ordinary matter to collapse in on itself. A thimbleful would weigh billions of tons. Not even light can escape its intense gravitational pull, hence it's name, "black hole." Just drive your car into this thimble and presto, it's gone.

Everyone was very excited about this solution until they realized that there was no place to put it.

"Let us beat their automobiles into plowshares, and the students into pencils," suggested one of the bible reading instructors. From the dents accumulating on my auto and my head I think that they are still trying that one.

"We should form a committee to decide what should be done," suggested one of the newly arrived administrators.

"Committees have been tried, again, and again, and again. Everyone now realizes that the committee gambit was only a time buying play," lamented an old hand administrator.

From the fall of 1967 to the fall of 1974 an increase of 5,500 students is recorded on the

books at UNO. This doesn't include the increase of instructors, and of course, administrators needing places to park their cars. Now more spaces are needed, but less are available. Where once lowly parking lots laid, lofty buildings now rise. This solution is sometimes called the "ediface complex". If a problem exists build a building to help solve it.

The latest solution that I've uncovered is the "rubber check" scheme. This consists of stretching, spreading if you prefer, the peak load hours of student influx. Presently this covers the hours from 8-12:00 a.m. By forcing, encouraging if you prefer, more students to take afternoon classes the peak load hours will be widened, thus creating more parking space.

Sounds too good and simple to be true, don't it boys and girls? This concept has such far reaching potential effects that the trial implementation of this scheme will surely be closely watched by many industries.

The sardine packing industry for one.

"Oh golly Martha. Is it really possible to pack more sardines into a can by simply taking more time to pack them in?"

What goes round and round and where it stops nobody knows?

Good time Charley was a passenger in the automobile of another student. While she drove around on the first day of class earnestly searching for a parking space Charley began slowly reading his Psychology 101 textbook. In fact, he finished it. Claims he even understood it. He failed the course. Try as he might, Charley never was able to make it to class in time to take a test.

Charley now works at a carnival operating the Merry-Go-Round. He said that he loves every minute of it. He also said that some of his best customers are former UNO students.

What can we do? In response to the Gateway's parking contest I suggested that we all go to

UNO Tennis

UNO Intramural Director Bert Kurth has announced there will be an intramural tennis tournament Saturday April 26 at Boys Town. Starting times will be 9:00 A.M. for the doubles competition and 1:00 P.M. for the singles events.

UNO Pom Pom practices for try-outs are being held from April 22-May 2 in the Fieldhouse. Try-out day is Sunday, May 2, at 3:00. For more info call Cathy, 334-8724, or Janie, 553-3114.

another school. My prize money still hasn't arrived.

For individual help try taking your favorite instructor out to lunch. They might drop a few pertinent answers enabling you to skip a day or two of lecture. Besides, it will give you a chance to show us, I mean them, that you care. Teachers need to be appreciated to.

Now that you have all the printable facts on the parking problem, here is a quick quiz to help you clarify your thoughts.

The real heart of the parking problem at UNO is (a) Our leader is more of a Butz, Earl that is, than a Kissinger. (b) My Mother never did love me, (c) May I be excused, I have to go to the bathroom. (d) None and/or all of the above.

The correct answer is of course yes.

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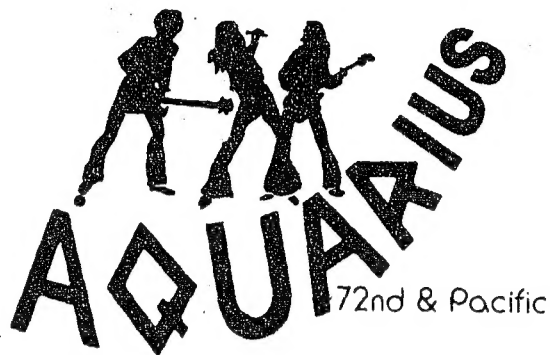
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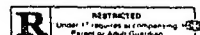
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Anyone wishing to work on the Summer or Fall Gateway should immediately contact the Gateway office in Annex 30.

McWhorter and Ravenell Worry Varsity Defense

by Herb Vermaas

Old buddies will soon be foes when the annual varsity-alumni football game unfolds Sunday night at 7:00 P.M.

Such former Maverick standouts like Charlie McWhorter and Saul Ravenell, UNO's two greatest rushers, will be appearing for the alumni. McWhorter and Ravenell concern Coach Bill Danenhauer.

"They both are fast and elusive. Both are capable of breaking a long run at any time."

Other ex-Maverick standouts who will be appearing include: Bill Kozel; Gary Kipfmiller, who had a brief stint with the New York Jets; linebacker Ray Brust, who is scheduled to tryout with Montreal of the Canadian League; Willie Bob Johnson, who tried out with Houston last summer; and Barry Steele, who will tryout with New England as an offensive tackle.

Danenhauer plans to stick with his basic offensive attack

Girl's Softball Scores

Despite her team's lukewarm 4-4 record earlier this week, softball coach Connie Claussen had reason to forecast a winning schedule for the remainder of the season.

Four of the squad's last six games, two doubleheaders against Kansas State and Kearney State, have all been victories. (Yesterday, the softballers challenged defending state champions Wayne State at Wayne in another doubleheader.)

Claussen said avoiding injuries will be a major concern as the Maverick athletes look ahead to the state tourney at Dill Field May 2, 3, and 4. UNO will play Creighton and the College of St. Mary Sunday afternoon at Dill, then take on Wayne State agains Monday at 7 P.M. on the same diamond.

Pinball...

(Continued from page 5)

that's more likely the result of Russell's direction.

Finally, in one of her excessive solos, she pushes Tommy through a mirror, in a segment lifted from Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet," and he is cured. He runs through fields of wild flowers being sprayed by poison, swims the ocean, and gains converts by blessing people from his hang glider. The similarities to biblical stories are more than similarities. The implications were there on the album, but while the film clears up vague ideas, it also must amplify these Christ-like lines. Daltry appears on the crucifix more than once, and the Tommy symbol is a wooden "T" with a pinball on the top, more than just resembling a cross.

The pinball is one of a number of reoccurring symbols, along with popples, mirrors, and a white circle of light representing Truth, or God, or the Supreme Being, or Something with Capital Letters. One of the nice things about using these symbols in a fast-paced Ken Russell movie is that they don't have to mean anything, they just have to reoccur — and it's fun.

(the multiple I) and the 4-3 pro defense. The Maverick head boss feels it would be silly to change UNO's basic sets for this game because he feels his team will have their hands full as it is.

He plans to open with John Bowenkamp at quarterback, who is coming off an impressive intrasquad performance. Rob Montgomery, who ran like a "tiger" will open up at I back, and Johnny Harrison will be the slotback.

Danenhauer plans to stick with his regulars, adding, "We're out to play this game to win."

McWhorter and Ravenell, who have been working out together in preparation for Sunday night's clash say they are considering a shot at the pros.

"I don't know what team or what league I'll be shooting for," notes McWhorter. "I've thought about Canada, the WFL, and the NFL. But right now, I would say I'm definitely going to give it a shot somewhere."

Ravenell says he is leaning to the WFL, although he hasn't ruled out the possibility of trying out in the Canadian League.

Willie Bob Johnson says he's thinking about giving the pros a shot again. But like McWhorter and Ravenell, he doesn't know where.



Children's Corner

by

Terry McDermott

Each year when spring arrives (that should read if spring arrives as there seemed to be some doubt about it this year) inveterate jocks take to the outdoors seeking bold new ways to do their bodies great and sometimes savage harm.

Now we have the bicycle. Until recently ignored in this country except as a toy upon which we sent generations of children to war with the automobile, the bicycle has a long history. There are several claims to its invention ranging from a Russian peasant in 1801 to a Scottish blacksmith known as "Daft Pate" in 1839.

After continuous tinkering and alteration of the basic design over the years, we have something now that bears little resemblance to the originals other than its having two wheels. What it is, of course, is the Ten Speed.

The first problem is the bike itself. The first time I saw somebody riding one, I couldn't tell if he was falling off the front or the back of the damn thing. With ass propped high in the air by the cruel invention of some giggling masochist (it passes for a

seat), he steered by what seemed to be the front axle.

"Ah, yes, the seat," the dealer said when I followed the hordes seeking 'chic' in purchasing one of the evil contraptions. He smiled lewdly.

"Actually, it's called the saddle. It's really quite comfortable. Designed to give proper skeletal support and weight distribution. Balance is quite important, you see."

Yes, I could easily see that balance was important. 'It's just like riding a bike. Once you learn you never forget.' Bull! Riding The Ten Speed is a unique learning experience. First of all, you learn that your ass gets very sore. And the thought of ever impaling yourself of that razor thin edge again is repulsive.

Eventually, you become numb to the pain and force yourself out on to the streets. This is where you encounter the second major health hazard — the automobile.

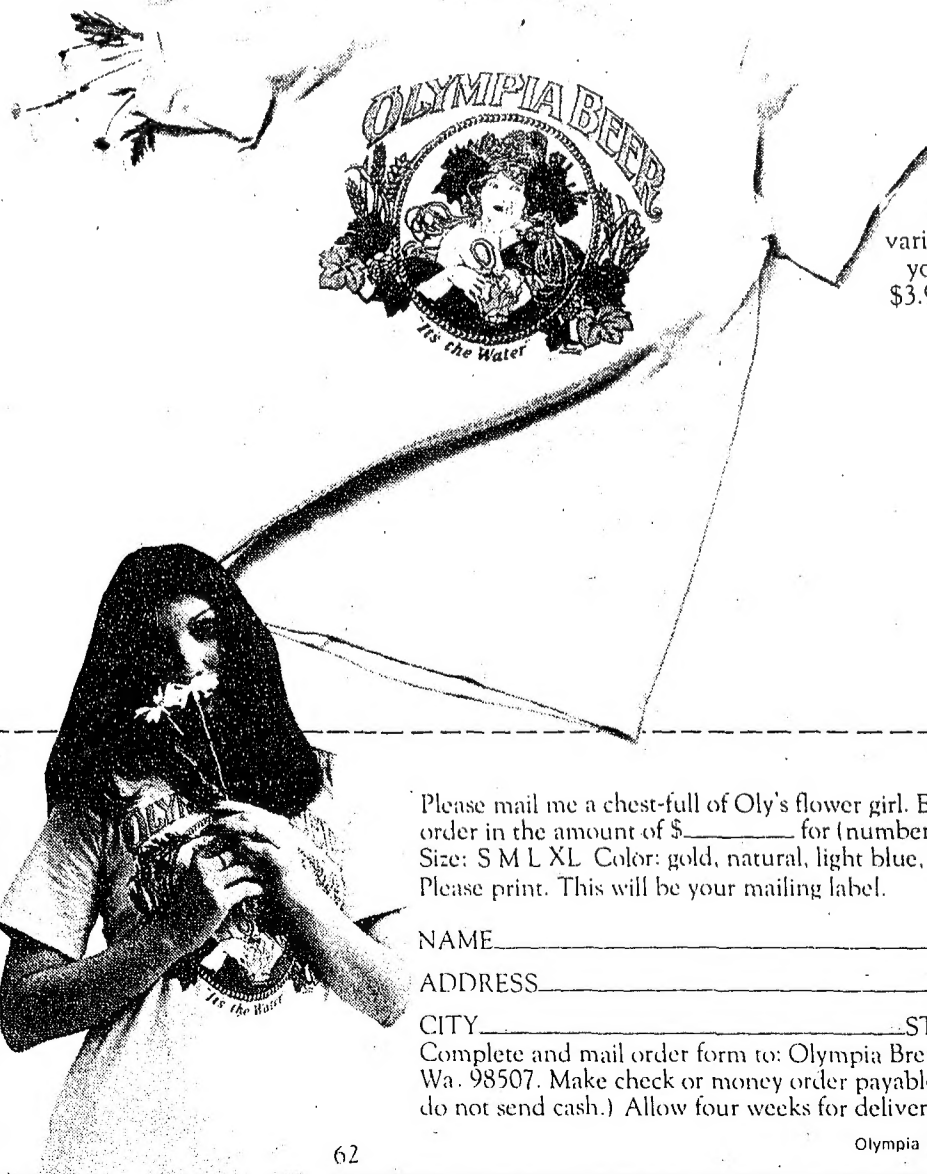
It appears that most people driving cars have one ultimate ambition. Murder. Raving, psychotic, cold-hearted, hell-bent killing and you are the object of their desires. If they

can't actually run you down, they will damn sure try to run you off. Or better yet, force you onto one of those treacherous drainage grates whose slots are exactly the right width to entrap your Ten Speed Tires. Obviously a result of the careful conspiracy among the drivers and the city traffic engineer, these grates spell death and disorder to the cyclist. ("Well, if you can't run the mothers over, just kind of edge 'em into a sewer").

But through all the trials and pains of both the bike itself and the homicidal hogs of the highway (who said I had lost my touch for alliteration), not to mention the training one gets as a jackhammer operator by riding on the washboard streets, there is still a smug satisfaction that can be derived from The Ten Speed.

It's mostly a kind of reverse snobbery. Look at me, I'm a living example of the environmentalist. Saving gas, getting exercise, blowing by that traffic jam at 35 m.p.h. with the wind in my face and not making any noise. Would you just look at me? I'm cool on my Ten Speed.

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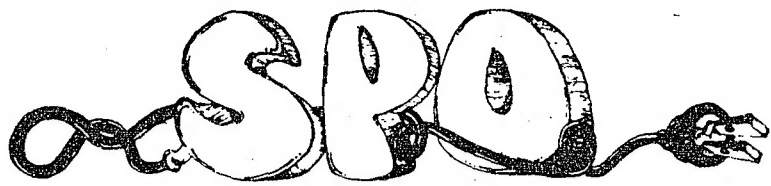
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*(watch the Gateway
for more details)*

Wednesday, April 30

Rev. Cecil Williams

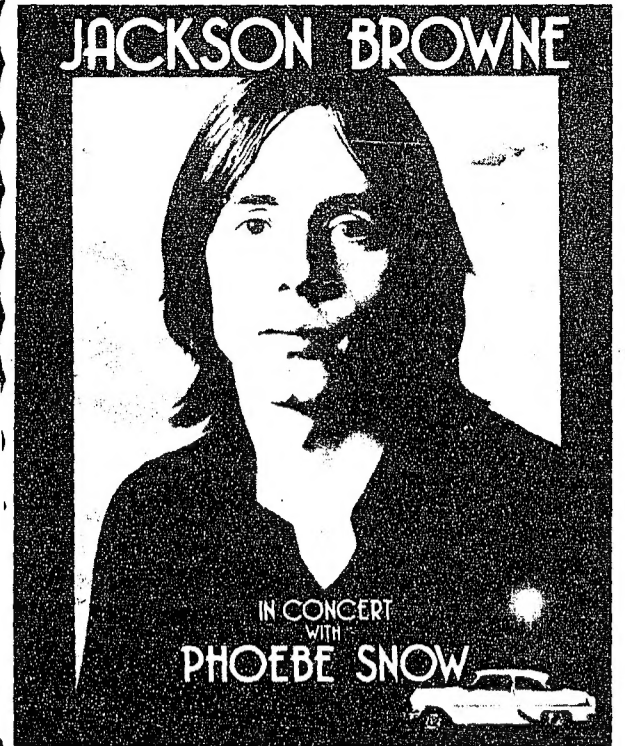
Head of the social activist Glide foundation and
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